

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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The following is an analysis of a story which has greatly excited the public curiosity in France. The publication bears the name of the Editor and Printer, and was issued by permission of the central bureau, in which two copies were deposited.

Extraordinary Events which happened to General Buonaparte at Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA had just received the law of the bravest of men; the fort of the Crescent had opened its gates to Frenchmen. The astonished Musselmen, for the first time beheld the standard of liberty floating before their eyes; still more astonished, they saw generous conquerors extend a liberal hand to the conquered, and heard them call them brothers.—Their astonishment was soon converted into admiration, and their air, in a moment, resounded with the cries of 'Vive Le grand nation! Vive le General Buonaparte!' Every one was anxious to receive the French hero into his house; but Buonaparte was at the fort of the Crescent where he had reserved himself a room. A single chamber sufficed him; he chose that which had the most extensive view of the sea.—In vain it was represented him that this chamber was unworthy a great General like him.—"When this mortal flesh" said he, "shall be deposited in the ground, I shall then only occupy six feet by two: you see that this chamber is too large." They insisted upon his changing it; Buonaparte suspected something mysterious, from their importunities.

General Berthier who was present at this dispute of civil ties, did not leave Buonaparte, fearful that some snare was laid for him, from which he was determined to preserve his friend, or, at least partake his danger. A splendid supper was prepared for the general; he but just appeared; (economical of his time, he is never more than seven minutes eating his supper.) He then retired to his chamber with Berthier. After having been engaged with their business for some hours, they threw themselves on the bed, without undressing, with their arms beside them, fatigued by the labours of the day, they soon fell asleep.

They had hardly slept two hours, and the clock just struck one, when they were suddenly awaked by violent cries, which seemed to be somewhat distant. They immediately started up, but profound silence reigned throughout the place. However these cries were not imaginary; both heard them. In a short time the cries were repeated; they appeared to come from under their feet, but at a great depth—the pains which were taken to make them quit this chamber immediately rushed into their minds, and revived their suspicions, "Perhaps,"

said Berthier, "this chamber has an aperture which leads to the place from whence these cries proceed." "Ah!" replied Buonaparte, "these cries are from some person in distress! let us fly my friend, let us fly to their succour—to ease misfortune is the highest ornament of humanity." They then both sought for some aperture, which they supposed must be in their chamber—After having continued their search for a long time in vain, they were about to leave the room to seek further, when Berthier happening to look under a secretary, placed between the two windows of the chamber, and brought there since their arrival, perceived the end of a small door. To remove the furniture and tear away the tapestry which concealed it, was to them but the work of a moment. It was fastened only but by two small bolts. They drew them, and perceived a small winding staircase made in the thickness of the wall. This they immediately suspected would carry them to the place from whence the cries proceeded.

With a light in one hand and a sword in the other, they ventured down the staircase. After having descended about fifty steps, they heard several groans. They continued to descend, and soon arrived at a door, and upon listening at it, heard a woman who was bitterly weeping, exclaim, "Oh! my father must I see you thus miserably perish, without the ability to relieve you!" This door like the one above, was only fastened by two bolts, which they drew with haste and immediately found themselves in a cave of a middling size—they there beheld a man of about sixty years of age, stretched upon the ground. A chain, the end of which was fastened to a ring fixed in the wall, encircled his body. A young lady, about eighteen years of age, on her knees beside him, was endeavouring to reanimate his lifeless countenance. Upon hearing the door open, she raised herself, started towards it, and exclaimed: "Do what you please with me, but save my father." But raising her eyes, and beholding two unknown armed persons, she stopped with timidity.

However Buonaparte raised the old man, and endeavoured to revive him. Berthier poured into his mouth some drops of an elixir which he had with him, and, in a short time, he shewed signs of returning life. The young lady on her knees near them, watched all their motions. The chain was soon broken, and, having taken the old man in their arms, and preceded by the young lady, who carried the light, they mounted the staircase.

Arrived in the chamber, Buonaparte and Berthier laid the old man on the bed. The motion which he had undergone, and the effects of the elixir, which had been given him restored him to life, and he opened his eyes. Astonished to find himself, in an unknown place, Where am I, cried he, What a change!—And

my daughter—I do not see her!—His daughter threw herself into his arms. "Unfortunate old man," said Buonaparte to him, "fear not for your life; the French are masters of this city"—The French! Oh! my country, I can blest thee in liberty!

Having inquired the cause of this rigorous confinement, the French hero learnt, that this man was himself a Frenchman, a long time established at Alexandria. His love for the liberty of his country, and the too free expression of this sentiment, had caused him to be regarded with a suspicious eye by the Turkish government. The beauty of his daughter had attracted the attention of the Pacha who governed the city. In consequence, he had caused an attempt to be made to steal her away in order to place her in the seraglio—the ravishers were surprised by the father just as they were putting their design into execution.—He being an old seaman, fell upon them sword in hand, and wounded three dangerously. The Pacha had him arrested as an assassin, and the daughter obtained, as a favour, permission to be imprisoned with her father. The Pacha, moreover, had the wickedness to make the pardon of the father depend upon the dishonour of the daughter—and, in a few days more, this innocent girl intended to have delivered herself up, through filial piety, to save the life of her father.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

An account of the Funeral of William the Conqueror.

THOUGH the Conqueror had no grave or monument in England, the circumstances that attended his death are remarkable. He had no sooner breathed his last at the Abby of St. Germain on a hill out of Rouen to the West, than all his domestics not only forsook him, but plundered his apartments so compleatly, that his corpse was left naked, and he would have wanted a grave, had it not been for the more greatful clergy and the Archbishop of Rouen, who ordered the body to be conveyed to Caen, and the Herliun, a gentleman of the place, from pure goodness of heart, took upon himself the care of the funeral, provided the proper persons, and hired a carriage to convey it to the river, and thence quite to Caen. There the Abbot and convent, attended by crowds of clergy and laity, came out to meet it. But as they were proceeding to pay the proper honors, they were alarmed by a sudden fire which broke out in a house, and destroyed great part of the city.—The distracted people went to give the necessary assistance, and left the monks with a few bishops and abbots, to go on with the service; which being finished, and the sarcophagus laid in the ground, the body still laying on the bier, Gil-

bert, bishop of Evreux pronounced a long panegyric on the deceased; and, in conclusion, called on the audience to pray for his soul. On a sudden starts up from the crowd Anselm Fitz Arthur, and demands compensation for the ground he stood on, which he said William had forcibly taken from his father to found his abbey on it; and in God's name forbids the burying him on his property or covering him with his turf. The bishops and nobles having satisfied themselves about the truth of his demand, were obliged to pay him immediately sixty shillings for the grave, and promise an equivalent for the rest of the ground, which they afterwards gave him.

MATILDA.

MOURNFUL as the murmuring of the waving willow, when, ruffled by the approaching storm destined to trouble the eve of an expiring autumn, it bends its pensive branches over the dewy grave of some love-lorn maiden; —alike mournful rose the sigh of the sorrow-stricken Matilda—abandoned by her friends, and abandoned by her cruel seducer. Forlorn she sat on her mossy stone. Spring smiled upon her hopes; Summer nursed her doubts; Autumn witnessed her anguish; and Winter was just advancing to close the eventful year on her dispair and death.

"Where where," she exclaimed, "where is the perfidious man who has robbed my youth of its peace, my mind of its innocence, my once fair fame of its honor, my tortured brain of its reason?—Where is the perfidious Edward, who this fatal morning trod this church-yard path? In the sacred temple, and at the still more sacred altar, he has insulted his God by staining the sanctuary with unhallowed vows—vows not his own to give;—vows torn from my bleeding heart, where he once bade me lodge them!—Ah, wretch! he has stolen the deposit, and left the poor cabinet vacant and in ruin! But the thunders of heaven will not sleep; injustice will be visited by vengeance; and the death of Matilda will not pass unmarked in the dreadful record of insulted innocence."

She spake;—and, beneath the almost leafless branches of a withering tree, shrank from the rain. The dawn at length arose; the advancing sun dispersed the clouds, and gave useful splendor to the tears of Matilda! rushing from her heart they fell undistinguished among the gems of the morning.

While life animates the form, tho' sorrow dims the cheek, and sinks the eye, the beams of the East will play upon the heart chafing for a moment at least, the dark anguish of the troubled bosom.—Matilda raised her eyes, & blessed the reviving rays. She wandered to a mouldering ruin, which lent its gloomy dignity to an embowering grove. There resided the Genius of Solitude, the fair friend of virtue, the gentle reclamer from error the scourge of vice. The high arched windows, ivy-fringed and time-decayed, were partially illuminated, giving a sombre glory to the whole—"Power Supreme," said the wandering Matilda, "let me in this interval of reason confess the justness of my punishment; let me bless that goodness which has preserved me—amidst all the cruelties I have experienced from an offended father—from impiously arraigning thy goodness! The comfortable radiance darting from the heavens to cheer the inhabitants of the earth, revive my drooping

frame. Thy hope revisits the chambers of my heart, and prompts me to seek the mansion of a recollected friend, who may not, as a parent has done, deny shelter and food to a wandering penitent.

Matilda, not yet seventeen, was the only child of a once fond parent. Indulged in every wish and flattered into vanity, her gay heart panted after the pleasures of a dissipated world. But who shall swim in the streams of human felicity, and escape the surrounding rocks of destruction? Adulation enervates virtue. Many were the admirers of Matilda: she listened, believing all they said; but Edward alone touched her heart. —High birth and princely fortune swelled the bosom of his father. Though enamoured of Matilda's charms, the ambition of Edward checked the generous impulses of love. He played upon a heart already too much in his power; he protested his truth, and made a sacred promise. Could Matilda think evil of the man she adored?—Her own mind pure and unfulfilled, could she meanly doubt the purity of his? Alas! she gave her faith, and became the victim of seduction.

Convinced too late of Edward's perfidy she disclosed to her father the dreadful secret. He turned with horror from his child; and in proportion to the degree with which he before idolized her, his resentment was kindled against her. Such are transitions of affection founded on caprice rather than on principle.

The ill-fated Matilda leaves an important moment to injudicious parents;—Let no child taste even the innocent felicities of dissipation, till Religion has fortified the heart, and rendered it invulnerable to the charms of every unlicensed pleasure.

Extract from Abbe Barruel's History of the French Clergy.

"SOON after the first national assembly had decreed that the Comtat Avignon belonged to the French nation, an army of assassins, of whom one Jourdan, furred with the Cut-throat, was commander, took possession of the unfortunate city of Avignon. The churches were immediately pilaged, the sacred vases profaned and carried off; the altars levelled to the ground. The prisons were soon filled, and the unhappy victims were released only to suffer death. A deep pit was dug to receive their dead bodies, six hundred of which were thrown into it, mangled and distorted, before ten o'clock the next day. Among them was Nolhac a priest, in the eightieth year of his age. He had been thirty years rector of St. Symphorine, a parish which he preferred to all others, and which he could not be prevailed on to quit for a more lucrative one, because he would not desert the poor. During his rectorship he had been the common father of his parishioners, the refuge of the indigent, the comforter of the afflicted, and the friend and counsellor of every honest man.—When the hour of danger approached, his friends advised him to fly; but no intreaties could prevail on him to abandon his flock; "No," said the good old man, "I have watched over them in the halcyon days of peace, and shall I now leave them amidst storms, and tempests without a guide, without any one to comfort them in their last dreary moments?"—Mr. Nolhac, who till now, had been respected even by the cut-throats, was sent to the prison the evening before the execution. His appearance

and his salutation, were those of a consoling angel: "I come, my children, to die with you; we shall soon appear in the presence of that God whom we serve, and who will not desert us in the hour of death." He fortified their drooping courage, administered the last consolatory pledges of his love, and the next day embraced and cheered each individual as he was called forth by the murderers. Two of these stood the door, with a bar of iron in their hands, as the prisoners advanced knocked them down; the bodies were then delivered over to the other Russians, who hacked and disfigured them with their sabres, before they threw them into the pit, that they might not afterwards be known by their relations. When the cut-throats were dispersed, every one was anxious to find the body of Mr. Nolhac. It was at last discovered in the cassock, and the crucifix which he wore on his breast. That breast had been pierced in fifty places, and the skull entirely mashed!"

ANCIENT HISTORY. OF THE WALLS OF BABYLON.

THESE walls were built of large bricks cemented together with bitumen, a glutinous slime arising out of the earth of that country which binds its buildings much stronger and firmer than lime, and soon grows much harder than the bricks and stones which it cements together.—They were of a square form, each side of which was fifteen miles. Their breadth was eighty-seven feet, and their height three hundred and fifty.

The walls were surrounded on the outside with a vast ditch, full of water, and lined with bricks on both sides. The earth that was dug out of it, made the bricks wherewith the walls were built; and therefore from the vast height and breadth of the walls, may be inferred the greatness of the ditch.

On every side of this great square were twenty-five gates, that is, an hundred in all. The gates were made of solid brass. Hence it is that when the Supreme Being promised to Cyrus the conquest of Babylon, he tells him, "That he would break in pieces before him the gates of brass."

Between every two of these gates were three towers, and four more at the four corners of the great square, and three between each of the corners and the next gate on either side. Every one of these towers were ten feet higher than the walls. But this is to be understood only of those parts of the wall where there was no towers.

From these twenty-five gates on each side of this great square, went twenty-five streets, in straight lines to the gates which were directly opposite to them on the other side; so that the number of streets were fifty, each fifteen miles long, whereof twenty-five went one way, and twenty-five the other, crossing at right angles. And besides these, there were four half streets which had houses only on one side, and the wall on the other. These went round the four sides of the city next the walls, and were each of them two hundred feet broad. The rest were about one hundred and fifty. By these streets thus crossing each other, the whole city was divided into six hundred and seventy-six squares, each of them four furlongs and a half on every side, that is two miles and a quarter in circumference.

Round these squares on every side toward

the streets, stood the houses, which were not contiguous, but had void spaces between them.—They were built three or four stories high, and beautified with all manner of ornaments towards the streets. The space within, in the middle of each square, was employed for yards, gardens, and other such uses; so that Babylon was greater in appearance than reality, near one half of the city being taken up in gardens and other cultivated lands.

Courtship and Marriage.

THE pleasantest part of a man's life is that which passes in Courtship. Love, desire, hope, and all the pleasing emotions of the soul arise in the pursuit. An artful man is more likely to succeed than the sincere lover. The lover hath ten thousand griefs, impertinences and resentments, which render a man unamiable, and often ridiculous. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point is an Estate. Where the persons chuse for themselves, their thoughts turn upon the person. The first would provide for the conveniences of life; the others are preparing for a perpetual feast. An agreeable woman is preferable to a perfect beauty. Good nature, and eveness of temper, will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense, an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy Marriages, yet scarce enters our thoughts in contracting them.

Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim sighted and superficial. Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness or misery. A Marriage of love is pleasant; of interest easy; and where both meet, happy; but happy only to those who tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF FEAR.

IN the time of the American War, while the army lay encamped at West-Point, a party of soldiers discovered an Eagles nest about half way down the vast precipice of the rock, adjacent to the fort; in order to get at the nest, one of the soldiers was let down by a rope, fastened by his middle, and made sure above, with two or three men to guide the rope, and draw him up when he had executed his design. When he had descended near to the nest, the Eagle came upon him with hideous screams, aiming directly at his head; in this dilemma he had no way to defend himself but by taking his knife, with which he kept her off by striking at her, every time she came at him; in one of the passes he made at her, he had the misfortune to strike the rope and cut one of the strands entirely off, the other strand began to untwist, while his companions above drew him up as fast as possible: in this situation, he expected every moment the rope to part, when he must have fallen from the tremendous height, and been dashed to pieces among the rocks: but when almost every other prospect of life had ceased, he was drawn up to the top of the rock, when the remaining strand of the rope was nearly reduced to a wisp of tow! The effect of this sudden and extraordinary instance of fear, upon this man was such, that in the course of twenty-four hours, the hair of his head, from a coal black, was turned as white as the whitest wool! The man was about twenty-five years of age.

NEWARK, NOVEMBER 17.



MARRIAGES

An English print contains the following singular Marriages.

At Gosport on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Ring, to Miss Bell.

At Manchester, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Spade, Mr. Coffin, to Miss Grave.

THE MORALIST

SIXTY years hence not a single man or woman that is now twenty years of age shall be found! what a melancholy truth! But truth it is—a stubborn fact: And what is still more melancholy, many, very many of the lively actors on the stage of life at the present day, shall make their exit long ere sixty years 'have roll'd away.'—sixty years! could we be sure of sixty years, what are they! 'A tale that is told'—A dream—An empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advanceth in age:—Like the degrees in Longitude, man's life declineth as we travel towards the frozen pole, until they dwindle to a point, and vanish forever.—Is it possible that life is of so short duration! Will sixty years destroy all the golden names, over the doors, in the cities and towns of this flourishing country, and place new ones in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties, who now appear more than mortal, fade and disappear in sixty years?—Can it be the fate of the belles and beaus, who now flaunt with finest flour in their heads, in sixty years to be powdered in dust and ashes?—Alas it can, and most assuredly will be so.—'Sixty years!' says death, grinning a ghastly smile 'do you think I am going to starve sixty years? Not I! This very day, before the sun reaches 'the margin of the west,' thousands of belles and beaus besides numerous old men and babes, shall be sacrificed to feed, not to fill, my ever empty maw.'

Could any one who has died within a few months past, rise and come into our cities fifty years hence, what an alteration would he find! Should he enquire for the men and women of note at the present day, a single word might answer a thousand of his questions; where are Mr. —— Mrs. —— &c. &c. &c. DEAD! and scarcely can it be remembered that they ever Lived.

Among the tombs where I frequently wander to find wisdom, I find but few who have survived sixty years; where I have found one who has weathered three-score, I have mourned over ten who never saw twenty summer suns.—Melancholy consideration!—Human Life, what a bubble! at most a fleeting shade! even while I write, the clock tells me I am one hour nearer the grave; that while I am poring over the epitaphs of the silent Dead, I am hastening to join them in the dark sleep of oblivion.



OBITUARY

DIED—On the 5th ult. in Cumberland County, West-Jersey, Mrs. ABIGAL WATSON, consort of Mr. Isaac Watson, in the 55th year of her age.

On the 30th of the same month, Mrs. MARY EWING, relict of Maskell Ewing, Esquire, late of the same place, deceased, in the 74th year of her age. She lived 54 years with her husband without having had in that time a Death in her family, during which time she reared ten children, all of whom she had the satisfaction to see married with her approbation and comfortably provided for. To the Poor she was Charitable; she was a tender mother, a dutiful and affectionate wife.

At Shrewsbury, Mrs. MARY JONES AE. nearly 105 years. Her maiden name was Mary Richardson. She was born at Woburn, Jan. 10th O. S. 1694. Her first Husband was Henry Baldwin, Esq. of Pelham, N. H. by whom she had three children, who lived to settle in the world and left families. Her second Husband was Col. Jones, of Hopkinton, who died about the year 1772, since which time she remained a widow. She enjoyed a good degree of health, until within a few weeks of her death. The serenity of mind and quietness of temper, which she possessed to an uncommon degree, doubtless contributed to her great age—Being early impressed with the importance of religion the practice of it ever appeared natural and easy. As she lived, so she died in the hope of a blessed immortality, and but a few hours before her death, was able to express, with great propriety, her views and prospects of futurity.

—“How oft do frosts untimely nip
The tender but ere bloom disclose.”

DIED, in this Town, the 13th inst. in the 3d year of his age, PROVOST GARDINER, only son of the Rev. Walter C. Gardiner.

But a little while ago, this very promising Child was the picture of health, and beheld, by its affectionate parents, with delight and satisfaction. No doubt by anticipation, they enjoyed much happiness, in its future prosperity. But the scene is changed! All that now remains of the much loved Babe, is a little lifeless clay! However they solace themselves that its nobler and better part still lives, and even with its God! For, said the Divine Saviour of Men; “suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God.” This truth then comforts their hearts; causes them to bow, with pious resignation, to the will of Heaven; and though the scene indeed is changed, with respect to their child, it is in its favor, as it is bright, dazzling and glorious, beyond expression! by an eye of faith, they now behold their little one, a LITTLE CHERUB among the CHERUBS above.

May they not say,

FAREWELL blest shade! Accept your parents sighs;
While tears gush freely from their grief worn eyes!
The spark ethereal's fled from life's frail urn,
To lands “from whence no travellers return!”
Thy fond embraces, and thy pleasing smile,
No more shall call our approbating smile!
On thy fair form no more enraptur'd gaze,
Nor view thee buried in thy youthful maze!
Death took his aim! no human aid could save!
Thou felt the wound and sunk into the Grave!
But thou art gone to yon bright world above,
Where God, the source, the fountain of all love,
Bids thee a welcome to that happy place,
Where saints and angels float redeeming grace!
Roll on ye wheels of time—roll on, and bring
The day—when at the mandate of our King,
We'll quit this tiresome, this fatiguing way,
And join our PROVOST in the Realms of Day.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's design'd
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind ;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire ;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

By R. SOUTHEY.

[The name of the "amiable and virtuous Southey," so called by the English periodical writers, is yet but little known in this western world. He is a native of Cumberland, in Great Britain, and, at the age of 19, bids fair to rival the best poets that country ever produced.—The lovers of poetry will be gratified with the following beautiful Address to the Deity, which is copied from one of his earliest efforts, in manuscript.]

ANCIENT of days! Eternal truth!—one hymn,
One holier strain the bard shall raise to Thee—
Thee powerful! Thee benevolent! Thee just!
Friend! Father! all in all! the vine's rich blood,
The monarch's might and woman's conquering charms—
These shall we praise alone? Oh ye who sit
Beneath your vine, and quaff at evening hour
The healthful bowl! remember him whose dews,
Whose rains, whose sun, matured the growing fruit—
Creator and preserver! reverence him—
O thou who, from thy Throne dispensest life
And death, for he has delegated power,
And thou shalt one day at the Throne of God
Render most strict account!—O you who gaze
Enrapt on beauty's fascinating form,
Gaze on with love, and loving beauty, learn
To shun abhorrent all the mental eye
Beholds deformed and foul; for so shall love
Climb to the source of virtue. God of Truth!
All just! all mighty! I should ill deserve
Thy noblest gift, the gift divine of song,
If so content with ear-deep melodies
To please all profilers, I did not pour
Severer strains; of truth—eternal truth,
Unchanging justice, universal love—
Such strains awake the soul to loftiest thoughts,
Such strains the blest's spirits of the good
Waft, greatful incense! to the Halls of Heaven.

FROM THE DESSERT.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY OF PHILADELPHIA.

SWEET lovely girl! my best, my dearest care,
As Hebe blooming, and as Venus fair;
Thy tender years no artifice can know,
A heart like thine can fear no latent foe,
In ev'ry scene some smiling joy will rise,
And gayest prospects only glad thine eyes;
Delusive dreams as real forms appear,
And sanguine wishes silence every fear,
And innocence that knows itself no guile,
Will see a friend in every specious smile,

Catch fond belief from every soothing tongue,
And paint delight forever fair and young.—
But know, my fair a thousand snares surround,
And every step you tread is dangerous ground;
From open foes, and less from treacherous friends,

Can prudence scarce her votaries defend?
And prudence comes from sound advice alone,
Then learn to make these maxims all your own.
First, know, thy bloom will fade, those roses die,
And time obscure the brilliance of thine eye;
Thy ev'ning grace will lose its pow'r to charm,
Thy smile to vanquish and thy breast to warm.
The reign of beauty like the blooming flow'r,
Is but the pride and pageant of an hour,
To-day its sweets perfume the ambient air,
To-morrow sees it shrink nor longer fair:
Such the extent of eternal sway,
At least, the glory of a short liv'd day.
Then let the mind your noblest care engage:
Its beauties last beyond the flights of age.
The mutual charms protect each dying grace,
And renovate the bloom that deck'd the beauteous face.

Let ev'ry virtue reign within thy breast.
That heaven approves or makes its owners blest;
To candor, truth, and charity divine,
The modest, decent, lovely virtues join,
Let wit well temper'd meet with sense refin'd
And ev'ry thought expres the polish'd mind,
A mind above the meanness of deceit;
Of honor pure—in conscious virtue great;
In ev'ry change that keeps one steady aim,
And feels that joy and virtue are the same.
And Oh! let prudence o'er each thought preside
Direct in public and in private guide;
Teach thee, the snares of artifice to shun,
And know, not feel, how others were undone;
Teach thee to tell the flatterer from the friend,
And those who love, from those who but pretend.

Ah! ne'er let flatt'ry tempt thee to believe,
For man is false and flatters to deceive;
Adores those charms his falsehood would disdain
And laughs at confidence he strives to gain.
And if delight your bosom e'er should taste,
O! shun the vicious, dread the faithless breast!
Infection breathes where'er they take their way,
And weeping innocence becomes their prey;
The slightest blast a female's bliss destroys,
And taints the source of all her sweetest joys;
Kills ev'ry blossom, overruns each flow'r,
And wrefts from beauty all its charming pow'r;
The dying bud may burst to life again,
And herbs o'erspread the snow invested plain;
Green leaves may clothe the wint'ry widow'd trees,

And where frost nipt, may fan the western breeze,

But beauteous woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour, time can never close;
Her virtue sunk, to light can never rise;
Nor lustre beam from once guilt clouded eyes:
Fixt be the mind those pleasures to pursue,
That reason points as permanent and true;
Think not that bliss can mingle with the throng,
Whirl'd by a tide of idle forms along:
Think not that pleasure lives with pomp and state,
Or soothes the bosoms of the rich and great;
Think not to meet her at the ball, the play,
Where flirt the frolicksome and haunt the gay;
Think not she flutters on the public walk,
Or prompts the tongue that pours unmeaning talk,
Or loves the breath of compliment to feel,
Or stamps on crowds her estimable seal:

True female pleasure, of more modest kind
Springs from the heart, and lives within the mind,

From noisy mirth and grandeur's rout she flies,
And in domestic duty wholly lies,
As fades the flow'r that rear'd with tender care,
When left expos'd to storms and chilling air,
So fade the fair in reason's sober eye
That braves the crowd, nor heeds the danger nigh;

Who giddy loves with folly's motley queen;
Nor loves the transports of a life serene.

Be thine the friendship of a chosen few,
To ev'ry virtue uniformly true;

Be thine the converse of some kindred mind,

Candid to all but not to errors blind;

Prudent to check the vain unguarded youth,
And guide thy steps in innocence and truth;

Those who regard, will fulsome language wave,
And in the friend sincere, forget the slave,
Will make like me, your happiness their care,
Nor shrink at specks that render thee less fair,

From books too, draw much profit and delight,
At early morning and at latest night,
But far, oh far! from thy chaste eyes remove,
The bloated page that paints licentious love,

That wakes the passions, but not mends the heart
And only leads to infamy and art!

Let Addison's and Johnson's moral page,

And Hawkesworth's pleasing style thy hours engage.

From Milton feel the warm poetic fire,
Whom all the nymphs of Helicon inspire.

With Thompson round the varied seasons rove,
His chaste ideas ev'ry heart improve.

Let tuneful Pope instruct the how to sing,
To frame the lay and raise the trembl'ing string.

Let deathless Shakespeare nature's favourite child,

Great above measure and sublimely wild,
Of human manners gives the picture true,

Forever charming and forever new.

Such be thy joys—and through this varied life,
Whether a maid, a mother, or a wife,

May fair content forever fill thy breast,
And not an anxious care disturb thy rest:

May all thy worth be virtue's sweet reward,

And goodness only claim thy just regard.

Advice to a Lover.

SILENCE in love betrays more woe,
Than words tho' ne'er so witty;
The beggar that is dumb, we know,
Deserves a double pity.

EPITAPHS.

On a scolding wife—By her husband.

HERE lies my wife, poor Mary! Let her lie;
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

ON A MISER.

BENEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,

For the PROPRIETORS.